

Mr. W. G. Duncan's Catch While In Florida.



Caught by Mr. W. G. Duncan, of Greenville, Ky., while on a fishing trip at Boca Grande Pass, Florida. This catch was made on the 12th of June, 1916, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 12 o'clock, noon. He landed it during his short stay there.

HETTY GREEN, THE WOMAN FINANCIER

Fought Men From New England To Texas.

POSSESSED UNUSUAL ABILITY

The Game Of Getting Even With a Chicago Judge and a Relative.

"JUST A POOR, LONE WOMAN"

(Boston News Bureau.)

Hetty Green did not die the richest woman in the world, as alleged in some newspapers. For many years she had not been in good health and had not husbanded her properties. She was born under influences which made her a man-miser. She wore men's high top boots, and had more financial sense in them than most men. She was truly feminine at heart, but veiled her femininity with faded garments and frayed cloak, under which she schemed and fought both as man and woman. She was New England born and often sought advice in Boston. The advice she wanted was not financial, for, like all true financiers, Hetty Green listened and acted and never sought the guidance of anybody in financial affairs. The advice she wanted was usually how she could whip somebody and then how she could whip her lawyers, for she was averse to anybody naming the figure which she should pay for any service.

She fought from New England through New York, Chicago and St. Louis to Texas. When somebody wanted to get away with a railroad in Texas, they found Hetty Green on the spot. She redeemed the road, set it going and won the cheers of the Texans.

When she felt that an unrighteous decision had been rendered against her in Chicago she bided her time. Then, when money was ungettable in Wall street, Hetty Green had it to loan. When the Clearing-house Committee appealed to her she remarked, with a nonchalant air, that she was just a poor lone woman and did not know much about investments, but did the Clearing-house hold for the banks any demand loans of railroads terminating in Chicago? They replied that they had such paper by the million. Hetty Green in an innocent kind of way passed over her millions and scanned the paper that she had invested in at a very reasonable rate of discount. The Wall-street bankers were happy and so was Hetty.

Those who knew her can imagine the delight which she took in penning a few notes to those Chicago roads in a dainty feminine hand, announcing that she held their demand loans and would they kindly come along with the cash?

The telephones and the telegraphs rattled busily; the Clearing-house Committee was berated and the chairman of the committee attempted explanation. He called up Mrs. Green and she responded in her sweetest tone, "Just send those Chicago boys up to see me and perhaps my bite is not so bad as my bark."

Up to Mrs. Green's they went, a humble lot of Chicago railroad men. But Hetty was more humble than they. She said she was only one lone female in the world with no man to help her and that the railroads owned Chicago and could alone secure justice. She of course, could not.

She said she was not all particular about the money; in fact, did

not have any use for it, but would like a little co-operation for the ends of justice.

The railroad managers were very agreeable to a partnership if they did not have to pay those loans. She asked their opinion of a certain judge, and her partners thereupon determined that he was not much of a judge after all, and Hetty coolly said: "Well, you put him on the bench and you can take him off or you can pay your loans to me."

They piled a banquet board in Chicago high with fruits and wines, dined the judge and nominated him for a higher office while he resigned the lower one. And then Hetty said, in privately telling the tale, "They left him to elect himself; the last I heard of him he was drinking himself to death."

Hetty Green fought her relative, W. W. Crapo, of New England, for many years. Money she was to inherit he invested in Kansas railroad bonds that declined to 10 cents on the dollar, and she sued him to make good.

Suspicion was a large part of her nature. When engaged in this litigation in New Bedford she would not trust a living soul even to cook her food. She bought apples at the corner grocery, selected her own eggs, cooked them herself and, absolutely independent, defied the world and all antagonists.

"So my foolish old trustee, Mr. Crapo, wants to be Governor of Massachusetts, does he?" said Hetty Green—and she looked over the political field as no other woman had ever looked over it before. Then engineers and a gang of workmen began building a dam across a big New England river while the political war bosses in Massachusetts were sparring for position. "Here, what do you mean, Mrs. Green?" said a New England multi-millionaire who had his paper mills below on the river. "Are you going to build a factory?"

"Not at present," said Mrs. Green, "I am just building a dam and it will take some time to float water behind that dam."

"I guess it will," said the large manufacturer. "Why, Mrs. Green, do you know that if you build that dam and hold back that water, my mills must be idle all summer? I will buy your dam and your water rights."

"No," said Hetty, "I must hold my water rights; you hold my political rights. I cannot vote; but you men can make the politics in the Republican party of Massachusetts. You are planning to nominate W. W. Crapo for Governor and a nomination is equivalent to an election."

"Well, what of that?" said the manufacturer.

"Only this, that you are the one man in Massachusetts that can prevent it, and if you don't your paper mills will dry up this summer at least. I am only a poor lone woman with no political voice, but I know my relative is no proper business man."

The bargain was quickly struck. The dam was never finished, and W. W. Crapo was never Governor of Massachusetts.

Silent But Eloquent.

Otto H. Kahn, who has given his beautiful estate in England as a home for blind soldiers, was talking about the horrors of war.

"The other day," he said, "two men on a Hoboken pier saw a huge cargo of wooden legs being loaded on a steamer for shipment to Europe."

"Those wooden legs," said the first man, "are a mighty eloquent argument against war, are they not?"

"Yes," the other man agreed; "they are what you might call stump speeches."

When a fellow tells a girl he loves her for all he is worth, she naturally wants to know how much he is worth.

ENDLESS MYSTERY OF WILKES BOOTH

The Noted Assassin Of President Lincoln.

MANY STORIES ARE RELATED

As To His Identification—Nobody Knows Where His Bones Lie Buried.

WHEREABOUTS CHANGEABLE

"The body buried in Greenmount was not that of Booth," declared Basil Moxley, a pall-bearer at the alleged funeral of Lincoln's assassin in Baltimore.

"I do not believe that Booth was ever killed in that barn," added Moxley, who for nearly a half century had been doorkeeper in Baltimore at the Holiday Street Theater and at Ford's Opera House. He was a trusted friend of the Booth family and a cyclopedic of information concerning the stage folk of his time.

Many men have shared Moxley's doubt as to the most commonly accepted version of the capture, shooting and burial of Lincoln's assassin. According to that version the demented actor, after shooting the President, and after breaking his leg while making his escape, took refuge in Garrett's tobacco barn, near Bowling Green, Va. The barn was surrounded by 28 veterans of the Sixteenth New York Cavalry, who, fearing to go in and capture one defiant man, set the building on fire and then shot Booth as he appeared to take aim at his pursuers.

The commonly accepted story of what next happened relates that Booth's body was sewed up in a saddle blanket and carried aboard the monitor Montauk, where it was laid in the carpenter's bunk of the turret. After an autopsy in Washington, it was placed in a pine gun-box and secretly buried beneath the floor of a cell in the old Washington Penitentiary. After nearly four years had elapsed the great actor, Edwin Booth, persuaded President Andrew Jackson to allow the pine box to be removed to Baltimore for secret burial in Greenmount Cemetery.

Since the black tragedy of '65 there have been advanced more than 50 theories to the effect that Wilkes Booth escaped to enjoy, or, at least, experience, life for a considerable time after his corpse was believed to have molded in the grave. General Eckert, who was Assistant Secretary of War when Lincoln was assassinated and who later became President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was once quoted as having confessed to his nurse, on his deathbed, that with three other men he had taken the body of Booth out on Delaware Bay and thrown it into the water. A secret service man assigned to the assassination was quoted as stating that the identification of the corpse supposed to have been Booth's was never satisfactorily made. Such doubts and contradictions reiterated by men closely concerned in the search for the assassin led to the suspicion that greed for the \$75,000 reward offered for Booth by the Government resulted in the shooting of another man.

A few years ago Laura Ida Booth (Mrs. L. A. Howard), an actress, who has claimed to be the daughter of Wilkes Booth, announced that her father lived until 1903, when his long-troubled conscience led him to commit suicide at Enid, Okla. A Memphis attorney, Fred L. Bates, who knew the Enid suicide and who believes him to have been Lincoln's assassin, has published a book in support of the theory. Some years ago Mr. Bates appealed to the National House of Representatives to definitely determine the identity of the embalmed corpse of the suicide,

which for four years had been kept by an Enid undertaker. In his communication to Congress Mr. Bates stated:

"I knew Booth as John D. Heley while living in 1872, and was associated with him as my client until the fall of 1907, when we separated in Western Texas, he going to Leadville, Colo., and I returning to Memphis. Booth left with me a small tintype for his future identification. This picture was taken some 12 years after the assassination of Lincoln, and has been identified by Junius Brutus Booth, eldest nephew of John Wilkes Booth, as being the picture of his uncle. It has also been identified by the famous actor, the late Joseph Jefferson, and many others."

About a score of years ago one Christopher C. Ritter, while lying very low in a hospital at Anderson, Ind., is alleged to have unburdened his conscience by confessing that after having been initiated into the Knights of the Golden Circle by Booth, he had been pressed to take part in a kidnaping of President Lincoln, but that before the plan was carried out, Booth killed the President. Accompanying the assassin to Philadelphia, Ritter claimed that he sailed with him for South America, where Booth became "Enos," the famous actor of Latin America.

According to another story, one which has gained the most credence, Booth became an Episcopal clergyman and settled in a Georgia town, where he was visited by his brother, Edwin Booth. He continued to limp until death, and failed also to disguise his love for liquor and his imperious temper. Another story has it that the assassin spent the later days of his life under the name of David E. George, and that he married a Kentucky widow; their child, a daughter, winning success upon the stage.

In New Orleans, Louisville, Denver, Albuquerque, San Francisco and Montreal the man who shot Lincoln has been "located" in recent years. Improbable as the many theories as to his escape may seem, and after all of them have been sifted out and discarded, Wilkes Booth has nevertheless bequeathed to the world a mystery that has never been solved.

Where lie the bones of the man shot in the Garrett barn, whose body was brought to Washington and dissected?

No one knows. It is generally believed that the mound alleged to mark the assassin's grave in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, covers no human remains. For fear of vandalism the Booth family very wisely hid the corpse.

A skeptic is a man who won't believe his own conscience.

A TWICE-TOLD TALE

One Of Interest To Our Readers.

Good news bears repeating, and when it is confirmed after a long lapse of time, even if we hesitated to believe it at first hearing, we feel secure in accepting its truth now. The following experience of a Madisonville man is confirmed after four years.

H. T. Howard, Madisonville, Ky., says: "I was annoyed by attacks of lame back and pains across my loins for fully two years. I was certain that there was something the matter with my kidneys and I used Doan's Kidney Pills. They were the first medicine that gave me relief."

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